

## JACK LONDON: AN AMERICAN RACIALIST



“The proper function of man is to live, not exist. I shall not waste my days in trying to prolong them. I shall use my time.”

Although at the time, he probably didn't realize it, Jack London would come to fulfill his own words during a life full of adventure, controversy and undeniable tragedy. Jack London was an adventurer stuck in a world of convention. He was the successor to a long line of Aryan warriors, intellectuals, and conquerors. In his 1914 novel, *The Mutiny of the Elsinore*, he wrote “I know, now, that my forebears were Vikings. I was seed of them in their own day. With them I have raided English coasts, dared the Pillars of Hercules, forayed the Mediterranean, and sat in the high place of government over the soft sunwarm peoples.” Such Racial awareness as this is extraordinary no matter in what time it manifests itself. What made Jack London special, as you will see, was his ability to express in words what had taken centuries to ingrain in the Aryan soul.

Jack was born out of wedlock to Flora Wellman and Professor William H. Chaney on January 22, 1876 in San Francisco, California. Flora, the estranged, somewhat rambunctious daughter of a wealthy Eastern family, would never marry Chaney. When Jack was eight months old, Flora married a working-class-man by the name of John London. He would be the only father Jack ever knew. His early years were filled with poverty. As a thirteen year-old, he worked along children of six and seven in a pickle cannery for 10 cents an hour, often sixteen hours a day. These early experiences would fuel his life long hatred for capitalism. He eventually quit his job and become an oyster pirate, sailing his own ship. Always the restless wander, at age 21 he set sail for the Klondike with the hope of striking it rich. His experience in the Klondike, though rather miserable, would greatly influence his later literary work.

When Jack returned to his home town of Oakland, he was determined to start his literary career. He would religiously write one thousand words per day, rain or shine. For several years he spent much of his money on postage stamps for the hundreds of manuscripts he sent to magazines around the country. Jack London could have wallpapered his house several times over with the rejection papers he received, but he didn't give up. His work was too brutally honest, with an emphasis on brutal, for most of the pulp magazines he was trying to write for. Finally in 1897, *The Overland Monthly* published one of his stories, for which he was paid five dollars. Jack soon realized that his fortunes would lay in the publishing of his books.

In 1903, Jack's first commercially successful book, *The Call of the Wild*, was published. The story is a deceptively simple one about a kidnapped dog, named Buck, who is taken to the Yukon and sold as a sled-dog. In truth, it's the story of race, the superiority of one race over the other, and the survival of the fittest. Although Jack is writing about a dog, his theories also relate to humans. Buck knew that, "he must master or be mastered; while to show mercy was weakness. Mercy did not exist in the primordial life. It was misunderstood for fear, and such misunderstandings made for death. Kill or be killed, eat or be eaten, was the law; and this mandate, down out of the depths of Time, he obeyed." This excerpt sums up much of Jack London's philosophy. Genetics – the will to survive – was the all-determining factor in his view of life. It decided what race, species, or individual would survive to pass on their genes. Jack would revisit this topic over and over again in his work. As he expressed, the year earlier, in his sociological work *The People of the Abyss*, Jack had an incredible amount of compassion for the poor working-class. This compassion was not of the sniveling and charitable type, but of the steel fisted revolutionary sort. In 1905, while addressing a group of wealthy capitalists in New York, Jack said: "Look at us! We are strong! Consider our hands! They are strong hands, and even now they are reaching forth for all you have, and they will take it, take it by the power of their strong hands; take it from your feeble grasp." Jack believed that revolution was the only possible answer to the problem of capitalist domination. Jack wrote eight months before his death, "My final word is that liberty, freedom, and independence, are royal things that cannot be presented to, nor thrust upon, races or classes. If races and classes cannot rise up and by their own strength of brain and brawn wrest from the world liberty, freedom, and independence, they never...can come to these royal possessions."

"... Ours is a lordly history, and though we may be doomed to pass, in our time we shall have trod on the faces of all peoples, disciplined them to obedience, taught them government, and dwelt in the palaces ..."

In Jack's next novel, *The Sea-Wolf*, he would again consider the influence of genetics on the human condition. The novel tells the story of Humphrey Van Weyden who transforms himself from weakling to warrior during his stay on the *Sea-Wolf*. In the middle of a dangerous seal hunting expedition, Humphrey thinks to himself: "The youth of the race seemed burgeoning in me, over-civilized man that I was, and I lived for myself the old hunting days and forest nights of my remote and forgotten ancestry." A similar instance occurs in the short story *In the Forests of the North*. It follows, "He, alone, was full-blooded Saxon, and his blood was pounding fiercely through his veins to the traditions of his race." Jack was incredibly proud of his Racial heritage, and he was not afraid to express it through his novels and short stories.

With the Russo-Japanese War raging in the Far East, the Hearst newspapers offered Jack the assignment of covering the conflict for them. On January 7, 1904, he set sail for Yokohama, on board the *S.S. Siberia*. Upon arriving in Japan, Jack quickly disobeyed the orders of the Japanese government that no reporters be present at the Korean Front. He sneaked into Korea by chartering a rickety sampan to take him across the Yellow Sea. Once there he was immediately struck by the cruel treatment inflicted upon the Russian prisoners by the Japanese. In one of his dispatches he wrote, "These men were my kind." He also stated that he would have preferably joined the Russians "in their captivity, rather than remain outside in freedom amongst aliens." When Jack returned to America, many, including his fellow socialists, questioned his vehement attacks on the Japanese and the "yellow peril." He answered them simply: "I am first of all a White man and only then a socialist."

In *The Iron Heel*, released in 1908, Jack records the events surrounding the rise of the working-class and their bloody attempt to destroy capitalism. The story is told by the wife of revolutionary, Ernest Everhard. Ernest is

described as "...a superman, a blond beast such as Nietzsche described." The book was universally mocked by the critics and many socialists. The Independent concluded that "semi-barbarians, to whom this sort of stuff appeals, may possibly tear down our civilization." We certainly hope so. The most prophetic part of the book comes at the end. After a failed uprising in Chicago, many revolutionaries are murdered by the Iron Heel. In our own time we have seen mini coups at Whidbey Island, Ruby Ridge, Waco and Oklahoma City that have failed to ignite the multitudes in a national revolution. From the ashes of this failed revolution rise terrorists groups more radical than Ernest Everhard could have imagined. Jack describes some of these groups: "The Valkyries were women. They were the most terrible of all. No woman was eligible for membership who had not lost near relatives at the hands of the Oligarchy. They were guilty of torturing their prisoners to death. A companion organization to the Valkyries was the Berserkers. These men placed no value whatever upon their own lives, and it was they who totally destroyed the great mercenary city of Bellona along with its population of over a hundred thousand souls." I am sure one can name at least ten contemporary groups with similar goals. After the death of Robert Mathews and other comrades, the American government has made many in the revolutionary movement even more radical. The more something is suppressed, the more dangerous and powerful it becomes.

Another highly Racial novel was *The Valley of the Moon*. The two main characters are Billy Roberts and his wife Saxon. They are a working-class couple living in Oakland during the early 20th century. As life becomes increasingly difficult for the urban working class, and a revolutionary friend of theirs is murdered, Billy and Saxon decide to abandon city life and go in search of an unknown paradise in the countryside they call the Valley of the Moon. When Billy and Saxon first meet, she explains to him the origin of her unusual name: "My mother gave it to me ... the Saxons were a race of people – she told me all about them when I was a little girl. They were wild, like Indians, only they were White. And they had blue eyes, and yellow hair, and they were awful fighters." She continued: "They were the first English, and you know the Americans came from the English. We're Saxons, you an' me, an' Mary, an' Bert..." Racial pride is something Jack London's characters are always willing to exhibit. Also Racial loyalty, something we rarely see in the White man today, is a sub-plot in *The Valley of the Moon*.

Billy and Saxon's friend Bert becomes increasingly revolutionary in his thinking as the living conditions of the working-class in Oakland sink deeper into poverty. He said: "What chance have we got? We lose. There's nothin' left for us in this country we've made and our fathers an' mothers before us. We're all shot to pieces. We can see our finish-we, the old stock, the children of the White People that broke away from England..." After Billy asks Bert what we should do about it, Bert responds, "Fight. That's all. The country's in the hands of a gang of robbers." It is more true today than it was then.

One of Jack's last novels, *The Mutiny of the Elsinore*, was written in 1914. The main character is a young playwright, much like Jack London, who is a passenger on the Elsinore in route from Baltimore to Seattle. The novel is an allegory for the history of the White Man. I cannot add much to what is Jack's greatest Racial achievement therefore I will quote chapter 22 at length. It follows, "Every one of us who sits aft in the high place is blond Aryan. For'ard, leavened with a ten per cent. Of degenerate blondes, the remaining ninety per cent. Of the slaves that toil for us are brunettes." The struggle between the Aryan masters and the non-Aryan crew on board the ship represents the same universal struggle in miniature.

As far as I know, Jack London, in *The Mutiny of the Elsinore*, is the first articulate spokesman for racial separation in modern times. After the mutiny has occurred, the dark-skinned mutineers, which included Jews, are trapped by

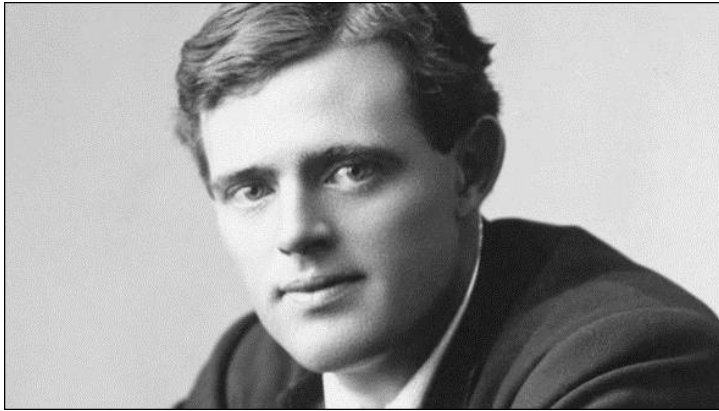
the blondes in the aft. The blondes keep themselves protected in the ship's forward with their cache of guns, ammo and food. The plan is to starve the darkies out until they surrender. After the mutiny, the young playwright notices a change in the mood of the *Elsinore's* passengers. He wrote, "All our voyage from Baltimore south to the Horn and around the Horn has been marked by violence and death. And now that it has culminated in open mutiny there is no more violence, much less death. We keep to ourselves aft, and the mutineers keep to themselves for'ard. There is no more harshness, no more snarling and bellowing of commands, and in this fine weather a general festival obtains." Jack was trying to explain how it is that Racial separation is the peaceful and human solution to the world's problems. When the races are separated, as on the *Elsinore*, there is much less conflict.

In one of his greatest insights, Jack summarizes the achievements, failures, and possible future of the Aryan race, "And I look at the four of us at table – Captain West, his daughter, Mr. Pike and myself – all fair-skinned, blue-eyed, and perishing, yet mastering and commanding, like our fathers before us, to the end of our type on the earth. Ah, well, ours is a lordly history, and though we may be doomed to pass, in our time we shall have trod on the faces of all peoples, disciplined them to obedience, taught them government, and dwelt in the palaces we have compelled them by the weight of our own right arms to build for us." Jack saw the future of our race as hopeful and full of possibilities. After the death of the Captain West and Mr. Pike, it is the Aryan playwright that, by superior intellect and by violence, takes back the *Elsinore*. In this instance, our race won.

As his fame grew, Jack traveled the world; always returning to the calming influence of the sea. His second wife, Charmian, now accompanied him. He also continued with his interest in politics, mainly socialism. His relationship with the Socialist Party had always been a rocky one. Jack's extreme revolutionary ideas, which were often violent in nature, and his racism brought him to constant blows with many other socialists. During his reporting of the Mexican Revolution in 1914, he referred to the revolutionaries as "stupid anarchists" and "half-breeds" mentally incapable of government rule. As the American Socialists did a slow burn back in the States, Jack continued to write scathing Racial articles about the Mexicans. He wrote, "the mixed breed always is – neither fish, flesh, nor fowl. They are neither White men nor Indians. Like the Eurasians, they possess all the vices of their commingled bloods and none of the virtues." As the alien hordes of mongrels have swept across Aryan lands, we have seen this statement become all too true. Jack believed that the natural resources of Mexico should be used for the betterment of the White Race. This infuriated the Socialists in America. Jack had carved an impasse between himself and the Socialist Party that would never be bridged. In 1916, the year of his death, he resigned from the Socialist Labor Party. At this point in his short life, almost sensing his premature death, he became a hard-core revolutionary. He felt that the Socialist Party had lost its "fire and fight."

Many Jack London biographers and scholars have made the mistake of believing that as Jack grew older his racial views lessened in intensity. To support their theory they point to the fact that Jack and Charmian felt sympathy for the plight of the native Polynesians, then under White capitalist control. During their attempted around the world trek in 1907-1910, they witnessed the suffering of the natives. As Jack stated later in *The Mutiny of the Elsinore*, he and Charmian felt that Racial separation was to the betterment of the White, as well as, the dark races. Jack's last major novel, *The Little Lady of the Big House*, was published the same year of his death. He wrote "You are successes. Your muscles are blond-beast muscles, your vital organs are blond-beast organs. And from all this emanates your blond-beast philosophy. That's why you are brass tacks and preach realism, and practice realism, shouldering and shoving and walking over lesser and unluckier creatures who don't dare talk back."

Jack London's writings stand as a testimony to a dying breed of White man, determined to exert his Will to Power over those who would let him. London was a proud and loyal member of our Folk, and whereas he died young, his wisdom shall transcend time and endure as glints in the eyes of the young and old alike, warmed by his poetic expressions of Aryandom.



The Protean writer who mixed racism with socialism

"There never was a good biography of a good novelist," F. Scott Fitzgerald once observed. "He is too many people, if he's any good." This dictum holds particularly true in the case of Jack London (1876–1916). For biographers and critics as well, he is the most elusive of subjects. As a person, as a writer, and most of all as a man of ideas, he continually takes on different and sharply contrasting forms.

For nearly half of his short, turbulent and adventurous life he was a member of the Socialist Party. He wrote books and articles championing Socialist principles. He liked to end his letters with "Yours for the revolution." Twice he ran as a Socialist for mayor of his hometown Oakland (he came nowhere near victory). Once, when serving as president of the Intercollegiate Socialist Society, he spoke with menacing rhetoric of an imminent violent revolution at Harvard and Yale. Long revered as a patron saint of the left, he was for years the most widely read American author in the Soviet Union.

His best-known Socialist work is *The Iron Heel* (1907). Set in a future America, the novel expounds Marxist theory and vividly portrays the bloody suppression of a workers' revolt by a Bilderbergerish cabal of plutocrats called the Oligarchy. Predictably, liberal-minority critics praise the book as a prophetic vision of the evils of twentieth-century fascism. Just as predictably, they deplore the shadowy presence of London the hereditary. To him the book's slum proletarians, "the people of the abyss," are "the refuse and the scum of life," a stock irredeemably inferior to the plutocrats and the Socialist elite who are the heroes and heroines of the novel.

London was usually much more explicit about the genetic coloring of his Socialism. He once horrified some fellow party members by declaring: "What the Devil! I am first of all a White man and only then a Socialist!" And he wrote a friend, "Socialism is not an ideal system devised for the happiness of all men. It is devised so as to give more

strength to [Northern European] races so that they may survive and inherit the earth to the extinction of the lesser, weaker races.”

London became a Socialist because first-hand experience — he once worked 14-hour days in a cannery for ten cents an hour — had made him an enemy of economic injustice. But Socialist theory was just one of the three strong intellectual currents of the time that shaped his world view and found expression in his writing. He was also drawn, by his instinctive belief in the primacy of the self, to the ideas of Nietzsche, Schopenhauer, and Max Stirner. The third, probably the most profound influence on his thinking, was Darwinism and Herbert Spencer’s application of it to philosophy and ethics. This doctrine was for London an essential key to the pattern of existence.

The contradictions’ between such divergent sources, writes London’s most recent biographer, Andrew Sinclair (Jack, 1977), “suited his divided nature. . . . Jack was most a Socialist when he was depressed. . . . When he felt confident, he decided that the survival of the self and the race determined all human behavior.”

We cannot judge to what extent it is fair to describe London’s thinking in terms of manic-depressive psychology. But it is certainly true that throughout his work the writer gravitates from one theoretical matrix to another. For example, in describing his own climb to eminence, either in autobiography or in thinly disguised fiction (notably in the 1909 novel *Martin Eden*), he casts himself variously as a social underdog victimized by class barriers, as a man of indomitable will, and as a biological specimen superbly fitted for survival.

However he depicted it, his rise was an impressive story. He fought his way up from poverty, educated himself, served a grueling literary apprenticeship, and virtually by main force became a popular, well-paid and influential writer. Glorifying in his hard-won status, he established himself in baronial (and un-Socialist) fashion on a sprawling California ranch and labored to maintain his lifestyle by grinding out an average of three books a year.

By instinct and by conviction, London was a literary naturalist—one of a new breed of writers who focused on the harsh, deterministic forces shaping nature and human society. Working at the top of his form, he had an enormous gift for graphically dramatizing primal conflict, and several of his books are classics of their kind. The most famous of these are two novels: *The Call of the Wild* (1903), in which the canine hero, Buck, learns “the law of the club and fang” in the Yukon; and *The Sea-Wolf* (1904), a complex and compelling portrait of a sealer captain who is a proto-superman.

Unfortunately, London is not at his best when he makes racial themes central in his fiction. The material, like most of his work, has raw power and vitality. But the modern reader will also find it full of operatic melodrama, stereotyped characters, and Kiplingesque assumptions about the imperial mission of the Anglo-Saxons. (Kipling was a major influence on London’s style and many of his attitudes.)

However, one of London's themes, racial displacement, is more relevant now than when he wrote. It is the theme of his novel *The Valley of the Moon* (1913), a sympathetic study of poor, landless Anglo-Saxon Americans in California. They have lost the land to exploiters of their own kind, to more energetic immigrants, and through their own improvidence. They are "the white folks that failed." Their salvation, London says, lies in returning

with new dedication to the land that is their birthright. His prescription, simplistic as it is, merits respect as a pioneering attempt. And we should note that it has been followed in recent years by a small but significant number of Majority members, people who for various reasons have gone back to the land to start over again.

The innate superiority of Anglo Saxon stock to all others is an article of faith in *The Valley of the Moon* and in London's work generally. He was himself of Welsh descent on his mother's side, English on the side of his presumptive father, a vagabond jack-of-all-trades who never married London's mother and never admitted his paternity.

Racial displacement on a larger scale is foreseen in *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* (1914). The hero-narrator, obviously London's persona, is a playwright on an ocean voyage whose atavistic instincts help him crush a mutiny of his genetic inferiors. But even as he exults in his victory, he judges it as all for naught in the long historical pull; and throughout the novel he delivers twilight-of-the-gods valedictories to his own kind, the blond, "white-skinned, blue-eyed Aryan." Born to roam over the world and govern and command it, the paleface Aryan "perishes because of the too-white light he encounters." The brunette races "will inherit the earth, not because of their capacity for mastery and government, but because of their skin-pigmentation which enables their tissues to resist the ravages of the sun."

This strange hypothesis the writer got from *The Effects of Tropical Light on White Men*, a book by a Major Woodruff. It was a theory which had been made horribly real for London by the nightmarish skin disease he had contracted on a cruise in the Solomon Islands.

London's racial pessimism was reinforced by the decline in his fortunes in the last years of his life and by World War I, which he viewed as an orgy of racial fratricide. But the writer who once had a heroine make the sensible observation that "White men shouldn't go around killing each other" was outvoted by the inveterate Anglo-Saxon, and he became an advocate of American intervention on the side of England against Germany (One reason he left the Socialist Party in 1916 was to protest its neutralist position. Another was his growing dissatisfaction with its dogma. "Liberty, freedom, and independence," he wrote in his letter of resignation, "are royal things that cannot be presented to, nor thrust upon, races or classes.")

Given to treating his increasing numbers of ailments, including alcoholism, with morphine and arsenic compounds, he died in 1916 of a self-administered drug overdose. Whether it was accidental or deliberate has never been determined.

It is easy enough in retrospect to point out the flaws in London's racial thinking. But the point to be stressed is that he knew, through his instinct and reason, how primary a factor race is, and he is one of the very few writers in this century who deals forthrightly with the fundamental role of racial dynamics in human affairs.

Like Proteus, London assumes different forms: the Darwinian, the Socialist, the self-styled Nietzschean "blond beast," the man of letters, the man of action, the "sailor on horseback" of his projected autobiography, and the major American author. He is also reminiscent of the sea god in that he was something of a prophet. For example, the writer of such works as *The Call of the Wild* can be considered, to use biographer Sinclair's words, "the prophet of the correspondences between beasts and men," and a forerunner of Lorenz and E. O. Wilson.

Sinclair goes on to observe that London's varied prophetic gifts make him "curiously modern as a thinker, despite the dark corridors of his racial beliefs." Those of us who have made empirical journeys through our own "dark corridors," will conclude that in this territory too London is "curiously modern" and prophetic.



The life of Jack London, the extraordinarily popular turn-of-the-century American author, was every bit as fascinating as those of the fictional characters depicted in his stories. He was a man of action as well as of thought.

But Jack London was much more than an author and adventurer. Born into poverty, he was molded into an ardent socialist at an early age. Possessing an instinctive craving for truth, he cast off the shackles of the religion in which he was raised and turned instead to the teachings of Friedrich Nietzsche and the logic of science. Endowed with both common sense and intelligence, he recognized the potential of eugenics and fervently supported its practice. With a deep reverence for his North European ancestry, he expressed an unquenchable faith in the superiority and the destiny of his race, and he produced some of the most extreme and most beautiful racial statements ever written.



No honest attempt at the characterization of Jack London can be made without invoking the subjects of race, heredity, and Nietzschean philosophy; for these are the elements that comprised the very soul of the man and which fed the spiritual reservoir from which flowed both his deeds and the torrent of thoughts that fill the pages of his writings. It was his beliefs on these subjects that shaped his unconventional socialist world view and fueled his rampant political activism. He was a true champion of the Aryan spirit. His story should stir the emotional depths of every healthy Aryan soul.

London, the author of 50 books over a 17-year period ending with his death in 1916, was the most successful writer of his day. And he has remained the most radical figure in American literature. He stood in sharp contrast to most of his contemporary American writers, who had been educated, but had never really lived, and who consequently produced soft, illusionary portrayals of life. American literature previously had depicted only the more pleasant side of existence, but London expounded on the life that he himself had experienced—a life, on the one hand, of grinding poverty and long hours of work for little reward in the new Industrial Age, and on the other hand, of adventure in the rugged Far North and the savage South Pacific.

He was a self-made man who pulled himself up from the bottom of the socio-economic ladder. Most of his knowledge was self-acquired; he lacked an extensive formal education. He delved into the Greek philosophers and European history, and he acquired a familiarity with the works of the modern European philosophers, including Kant, Hegel, and Leibniz. He also became well-read in biology, anthropology, and sociology. His thought, however, was most strongly influenced by the most radical figures of the late-19th-century era into which he was born: Karl Marx, Charles Darwin, Herbert Spencer, and Friedrich Nietzsche.

Marx was a primary political influence on London. Their views certainly did not always coincide, but Marx was welcomed by London (and many others at the time) as the only real political and social alternative to the status quo. In childhood London came to know firsthand the hardships of the working class under an unscrupulous capitalist socio-economic order. What he experienced in his early life determined his conversion to socialism and his participation in the revolutionary socialist movement.

In conjunction with his hatred of capitalism, however, were feelings which clearly distinguished him from most of the Marxists of his day; despite the company that he kept, Jack London was never a real Marxist. In fact, his entire outlook on life ran opposite to the course of Marxist doctrine, with his very pronounced racial views in particular serving as a continual source of embarrassment for the international socialist movement, in which he became a prominent figure. His writing—a blend of individualism, racialism, and socialism—reflects both his adventurous, independent spirit and his genuine concern for bringing about a better social order.

London was a staunch evolutionist and was well acquainted with the works of Charles Darwin. *The Origin of Species* was his favorite reading during his adventure in the Yukon. He also was drawn to the work of Herbert Spencer, whose social application of the doctrine of the survival of the fittest became a philosophical component of most of London's stories.

The man who had a more direct influence in convincing London of the correctness of Spencer's views than Spencer himself was the British writer Benjamin Kidd. A now largely forgotten figure, Kidd was a very influential writer of the period, who popularized the philosophy of Spencer through such works as *Social Evolution* (1894) and *Principles of Western Civilization* (1902). Kidd described a racial destiny that would be realized through the process of natural selection, arguing that the weaker races would be eliminated through contact with the stronger ones. Kidd believed in the racial superiority of the Anglo-Saxon, and his message helped fuel London's own racial views. London also found comfort in Kidd's recognition of a natural hierarchy. Kidd, acknowledging the inequality of men, refuted the dogmas of democracy and contended that "the mass of men must consent in the interests of progress to yield to the few superior individuals who will be selected to rule society and to keep it at the maximum of efficiency."

As for literary influences, Rudyard Kipling was London's idol. He reveled in the heroics and racial overtones of the English giant's writing. Early in his career he rewrote much of Kipling's work longhand, in an effort to capture some of the style. In one of his letters he acknowledged his indebtedness, writing: "As for myself, there is no end of Kipling in my work, . . . I would never have possibly written anywhere near the way I did had Kipling never been."

The man who had perhaps the greatest impact on London, however, was Friedrich Nietzsche. He seems to have read Nietzsche for the first time in September 1904, at the age of 28. He wrote to Charmian Kittredge, who would soon become his second wife, of his initial reaction to the German philosopher:

But I liked . . . all [Nietzsche's writings]—ate them up, and after digging through "Genealogy of Morals," "The Case of Wagner," "The Antichrist," and others, I polished off with "Zarathustra," which just happened to fill a need and accomplished more than any tonic to clear my surcharged mental atmosphere and set my feet on the road to recovery.

Nietzsche's teachings held a tremendous appeal for London, although the two men differed on some points. London shared Nietzsche's dim view of contemporary society and conventional morality. Nietzsche's individualism, however, was difficult for London to reconcile with his socialist beliefs, which held that individualism was counterproductive to the welfare of the community. London himself, however, was very much an individualist, and he had difficulty in harmonizing his own nature with his professed political beliefs.

Regardless, he was irresistibly drawn to the Nietzschean philosophy. Nietzsche moved him with the strength and the energy of his writings and with his soul-stirring image of the Superman. In *Martin Eden*, the most autobiographical of his novels, London admitted the impact of Nietzsche on his own thought through the words of the novel's protagonist:

"I look only to the strong man, the man on horseback, to save the state from its own rotten futility. . . .

“Nietzsche was right. The world belongs to the strong—the strong who are noble as well and who do not wallow in the swine-trough of trade and exchange. The world belongs to the true noblemen, to the great blond beasts, to the non-compromisers, to the ‘yes sayers.’”

London and Nietzsche shared anti-religious sentiments. London’s own revolt against religion stemmed from his mother’s spiritualism and the recollection of having to serve as a medium at her séances when he was a child, and from his stepfather’s position as a Methodist deacon. He identified himself as an atheist and saw religion as being full of empty ritual and superstition.

Although he was against superstition and organized religion as such, however, London believed in a spiritual quality of a higher type possessed by his race. He eloquently illustrated this idea in an article titled “The Yellow Peril,” which he wrote in 1904 for the San Francisco Examiner:

. . . That we have groped for the way of right conduct and agonized over the soul betokens our spiritual endowment. Though we have strayed often and far from righteousness, the voices of the seers have always been raised, and we have harked back to the bidding of conscience. . . . No matter how dark in error and deed, ours has been a history of spiritual struggle and endeavor. We are preeminently a religious race, which is another way of saying that we are a right-seeking race. . . .

No great race adventure can go far nor endure long which has no deeper foundation than material success, no higher prompting than conquest for conquest’s sake and mere race glorification. To go far and to endure, it must have behind it an ethical impulse, a sincerely conceived righteousness.

Jack London was born in San Francisco in 1876 as an illegitimate child and reared in poverty by his mother and John London, the man she married a few months after Jack was born. When he graduated from grade school his parents decided that instead of attending high school he would have to find work to supplement the family’s inadequate income. He was thrust into the world of the workingman under the rule of its miserly capitalist overlords while he was yet a boy of 13. He became employed by a cannery, ordinarily working 12 hours a day, but often as much as 18 hours out of 24. Once he worked for 36 hours straight for his ten-cents-an-hour wage.

Jack was brought to the realization that something was very wrong with society and the world. It was a world that forced six- and seven-year-old children to work in coal mines and canneries for their mere survival, while the shrewd capitalists indulged themselves in the comfort and ease of their undeserved prosperity. His stark childhood experiences with capitalism implanted the seed of socialist rebellion which later matured into an active political struggle to topple the capitalist oligarchy.

At the age of 15 he abandoned “honest work” in favor of the adventure and potentially greater reward of thievery. Working with a group of outlaws stealing from the oyster beds at night, he acquired the title “Prince of the Oyster Pirates.” Later, recognizing the futility of his pirating, he turned to the other side and joined the State Fish Patrol.

During the winter of 1892, when Jack was not yet 17, he encountered a seal hunter, and that led to a seal-hunting stint in the North Pacific with a crew of sea-toughened Scandinavians.

When he returned from the North Pacific venture, in the summer of 1893, his mother urged him to enter a contest being promoted by the San Francisco Morning Call. The newspaper was offering a 25-dollar prize for the best descriptive article. Jack wrote about the typhoon his ship had endured off the Japanese coast. On November 12, 1893, the Call published Jack’s article as the winner. A 17-year-old with only a grade-school education had triumphed over students from the University of California and Stanford University. This marked the beginning of London’s career as a writer.

After his sea voyage, Jack went to work in a jute mill, at ten cents an hour for a ten-hour day. He left the mill when his employers refused to keep their promise to raise his wages to \$1.25 a day. He next found work at a power plant, hoping to learn the electrician’s trade. However, he had to start at the bottom, shoveling coal for the boilers. The work exhausted him. His wrists became so swollen that he had to wear leather straps to support them.

Later he discovered that he was doing the work of two men, as a scab. When Jack had come along, young and healthy, the superintendent had fired the two coal passers and assigned the duties of both to Jack. Shortly afterward, he learned that one of the men he had unknowingly displaced had committed suicide in despair over being unable to support his wife and three children. Jack retired his shovel, disgusted with his employers and the capitalist system in general.

Times were hard in the spring of 1893, when Jack quit his job at the power plant. The financial panic of that year had thrown the country into a depression which would last four years. As the economic situation worsened, the more fanciful the suggested remedies became. Populists, Free Silver advocates, and others arose all across the West. In the East there was a “General” Jacob S. Coxey, whose scheme for alleviating the depression was for the government to issue five million dollars to finance a road-building project and give work to the jobless. Coxey announced that there would be a march on Washington by his “Industrial Army.”

In Oakland another self-appointed “General,” Charles T. Kelley, arose, organizing one of the detachments for the Washington march. Jack and a friend set out on their own in the spring of 1894, hopping freight cars in an effort to catch up with Kelley and his followers. His friend turned back along the way, but Jack continued. Soon after he caught up with the marchers, however, the effort fell apart, with most of the men losing their enthusiasm for a cross-country trek. Eventually Jack left also. Kelley and a few loyal followers made it to Washington, but Coxey himself was in jail for walking on the grass of the Capitol grounds.

Having left the “Industrial Army,” Jack then spent the remainder of the year traveling across the United States and Canada as a hobo. The experiences of his “tramp trip” provided the basis of many stories and essays he would later write. He was arrested for vagrancy one night after watching the Niagara Falls by moonlight and was given 30 days of hard labor at the Erie County Penitentiary. He was clad in prison stripes, his head was shaved, and he was forced to march in lockstep from cell to work detail. His diet consisted of bread and water, with meat being served once a week.

His experiences as a tramp and as an inmate sealed his conversion to socialism at the age of 18: “I was now a Socialist without knowing it, withal, an unscientific one,” he later recalled. Soon he would be signing his letters, “Yours for the Revolution.”

In the fall of 1895, at 19, Jack entered the freshman class of Oakland High School to continue his education. He now saw education as the only way leading out of what he called “the Social Pit.”

His reputation as a socialist spread quickly while he was a student at Oakland High School. On Christmas morning, 1895, the San Francisco Examiner ran two articles on the “boy socialist,” one of them by Jack himself. His article, “What Socialism Is—The Boy Socialist Describes the Meaning and Intent of the New Philosophy,” revealed his youthful naïveté:

Still socialism is an all-embracing term. Communists, nationalists, collectivists, Utopians, and Altrurians are all socialists; but it cannot be said that socialism is any of these, for it is all. Any man is a socialist who strives for a better form of government than the one he is living under.

In April 1896 he joined the Socialist Labor Party.

Instead of completing high school, Jack dropped out at the end of his first year and spent the summer cramming for the entrance examination for the University of California. He passed the examination easily and entered the university that fall. He had to withdraw at the end of his first semester, however, largely because of a lack of funds. By that time he also had come to question the value of a formal education.

London re-entered the labor market, until he caught wind of the discovery of gold in the Yukon Territory in Canada. He joined the Klondike gold rush in 1897 and spent the winter in the Yukon. He returned from Alaska by a 2,000 mile boat trip down the Yukon River in 1898. He had found no gold, but he had kept a notebook recording his impressions of the sights and sounds of the region which later would provide the background for many of his stories.

During the early months of 1900 he came to know Bess Maddern, a dark-haired woman of Cornish descent. She was an intelligent woman, who later would teach herself trigonometry and calculus and coach University of California

students having difficulty with those subjects. Jack felt that she would be an excellent mate for the bearing of his children. At that time he wrote that, "biologically, love is an institution necessary for the perpetuation of the species." They agreed to marry on the basis of "affectionate companionship," hoping that love might come later.

Jack eagerly announced that the marriage would produce "seven sturdy Saxon sons and seven beautiful daughters." In actuality, the marriage ended five years later in divorce, with Bess having borne him two daughters.

We saw in the first part[s] of this study that virtually all of Jack London's writing, even his earliest work, gave explicit expression to his strong racial consciousness. Despite his otherwise very healthy racial and philosophical views, however, London's understanding of the Jews required a long time to mature.

He was certainly well acquainted with members of that race through the radical socialist circles to which he belonged, where they abounded. He viewed them as clever, aggressive, and hard working, as well as dedicated leaders in the struggle for the betterment of the proletariat, and so it was difficult for him to think entirely ill of them. Later, however, his disenchantment with the socialist movement seemed to proceed apace with the growth of his understanding of the true nature of the Jew.

At the beginning of his writing career London established a close intellectual relationship with the Jewess, Anna Strunsky, whom he met in the socialist-Bohemian circles of San Francisco. Jack described her as "a Russian Jewess who happens to be a genius." She had immigrated with her Red-activist parents from Czarist Russia. Jack and Anna eventually became close friends, and it seems that he was briefly on the verge of falling in love with her, while still bound in his unhappy first marriage to Bess Maddern.

Anna, however, never had any romantic inclinations, and the relationship remained strictly platonic -- an affair of the minds only. Once divorced from the bland Bess, Jack soon married the more fun-loving and independent Charmian Kitteridge; and Anna remained as she always had been -- a woman with whom he could argue intelligently.

Jack and Anna were two opposites, in both race and mind, and the fair Teuton and the dark Jewess argued greatly on all subjects. Among other things, Anna scolded Jack for his accumulation of material possessions and for his brash statement that he would write for money and show the capitalists a thing or two. Anna, who was from a well-to-do family and would eventually marry millionaire socialist William Walling English, ironically argued that no real socialist could hoard up his money until he had a fortune, because his compassion for the less fortunate would force him to give it away as soon as he earned it.

By late 1900 their letters arguing the nature of love evolved into a literary collaboration. Jack, using the nom de plume "Herbert Wace," would discuss love from the biological viewpoint. And Anna, writing as "Dane Kempton,"

would argue love from the emotional perspective. The Kempton-Wace Letters was published in 1903, and it remains one of the oddest books ever written.

A personal incident a few years later, in 1910, gives us some insight into the changed attitude toward Jews which London had been developing in the interim. After being beaten up by a San Francisco bar owner as the result of a misunderstanding, he brought charges against his assailant, but they were thrown out of court by a Jewish judge, George Samuels -- who just happened to own the land on which the bar stood. Infuriated, London denounced Samuels as "a dark, sinister Hebrew judge who . . . [draws] his inspiration from the cruelty of the old scriptures."

In a letter to Charmian, referring to Judge Samuels, Jack wrote: "Dear Woman, the more I think of that cowardly, oily Jew, the angrier do I get about it." And in a letter to Samuels himself he wrote: "You played the cheap, unfair, bullying game that police judges and magistrates have played in the Anglo-Saxon world for a score of generations before you and yours entered said Anglo-Saxon world and embraced its unfair practices." Jack reiterated his attack in another letter to Charmian, referring to the judge as "Samuels, a sheeny shoe peddler."

That his understanding of the Jews still had not crystallized, however, and that he still was not ready to acknowledge fully and forthrightly at an intellectual level the visceral antipathy he felt for that race and had manifested in his reaction to Samuels, is illustrated by something he wrote the following year. The September 22, 1911, issue of *The American Hebrew and Jewish Messenger* ran an article entitled "The Jew in English Fiction," which was a symposium of letters solicited from a number of prominent authors on the subject of their depiction of Jews in their writing. The Jews were up to their age-old game of "sensitizing" their Gentile hosts. In this case the implied suggestion was that, in order to be fair, Gentile writers should bend over backward to avoid any negative portrayal of a Jew. London had been asked to contribute to the symposium, and he sent the following response:

"I have no recollection of having made a Jew serve a mean fictional function. But I see no reason why I should not, if the need and the setting of my story demanded it. I cannot reconcile myself to the attitude that in humor and fiction the Jew should be a favored race, and therefore be passed over, or used only for his exalted qualities. . . . I am a terrific admirer of the Jews; I have consorted more with Jews than with any other nationality; I have among the Jews some of my finest and noblest friends . . . it is as unfair for a writer to make villains of all races except the Jews, as it is to make villains only of Jews. To ignore the Jew in the matter of villainy is so invidious an exception as to be unfair to the Jews."

Actually, London already had portrayed the Jew in a despised or villainous role in some of his works, and he would do so with increased frequency and conviction in the years to come. The outstanding example is *The Mutiny of the Elsinore*, in which he appropriately cast the scheming Semite as the sinister foe of the noble Aryan.

London wrote his two best and most important racial-ideological novels during the last four years of his life. *The Valley of the Moon*, published in 1913, and *The Mutiny of the Elsinore*, published in 1914, are powerful literary works whose theme is the uncertain future of the White Race. It was during these last years of his life that race

became an overriding obsession with him. During the same period he also achieved a mature understanding of the Jew's role in the world.

The idea of the unconquerable Teuton projected in the much earlier *A Daughter of the Snows* is replaced in *The Valley of the Moon* and *The Mutiny of the Elsinore* with the recognition that the White Race is not invulnerable and that it is granted no divine guarantee of survival. London, in deteriorating health, had become aware of his own mortality by this time, and this may have awakened him to the mortal threats to the race itself.

In *The Valley of the Moon* the heroine is Saxon Brown. Her first name was intended to symbolize the purity and strength of her ancestors. When Saxon first meets her future husband, Billy Roberts, they talk about their racial heritage. Billy remarks that "Saxon" is a peculiar name. Saxon responds:

"My mother gave it to me. . . . The Saxons were a race of people -- she told me all about them when I was a little girl. They were wild, like Indians, only they were white. And they had blue eyes, and yellow hair, and they were awful fighters. . . . We're Saxons, you an' me, an' Mary, an' Bert . . . ."

As Saxon looks through a scrapbook of her mother's, containing depictions of historical paintings, one of the paintings reminds her of the similarity between her Teutonic ancestors and the man who will become her mate:

Between bold headlands of rock and under a gray cloud-blown sky, a dozen boats, long and lean and dark, beaked like monstrous birds, were landing on a foam-whitened beach of sand. The men in the boats, half naked, huge-muscled and fair-haired, wore winged helmets. In their hands were swords and spears, and they were leaping, waist-deep, into the sea-wash and wading ashore. Opposed to them, contesting the landing, were skin-clad savages, unlike Indians, however, who clustered on the beach or waded into the water to their knees. The first blows were being struck, and here and there the bodies of the dead and wounded rolled in the surf. One fair-haired invader lay across the gunwale of a boat, the manner of his death told by the arrow that transfixed his breast. In the air, leaping past him into the water, sword in hand, was Billy. There was no mistaking it. The striking blondness, the face, the eyes, the mouth were the same. . . . Somewhere out of the ruck of those warring races had emerged Billy's ancestors, and hers . . .

In the novel London attacks the socialists as dreamers and foreigners. Billy says, "I for one won't stand for a lot of fat Germans an' greasy Russian Jews tellin' me how to run my country..."

Democracy also is attacked, as being "the dream of the stupid peoples": "... [D]emocracy is a lie, an enchantment to keep the work brutes content, just as religion used to keep them content. When they groaned in their misery and toil, they were persuaded to keep on in their misery and toil by pretty tales of a land beyond the skies where they would live famously and fat while the clever ones roasted in everlasting fire. Ah, how the clever ones must have



chuckled! And when that lie wore out, and democracy was dreamed, the clever ones saw to it that it should be in truth a dream, nothing but a dream.”

The Valley of the Moon is a novel about blood and soil. Saxon and Billy are the descendants of a great people, but they are trapped as members of the working class in the young Industrial Age. Newly married and entangled in labor problems, Saxon decides that they must flee the city of Oakland to escape the spiritually unhealthy urban environment and the massive influx of non-White labor from Asia and the increased numbers of Mediterranean types from southern Europe. She realizes that they must return to the soil for their racial and spiritual rejuvenation:

Her mind was made up. The city was no place for her and Billy, no place for love or for babies. The way out was simple. They would leave Oakland. It was the stupid that remained and bowed their heads to fate. But she and Billy were not stupid. They would not bow their heads. They would go forth and face fate. Where, she did not know. But that would come. The world was large . . . The world was free to her and Billy as it had been free to the wandering generations before them. It was only the stupid who had been left behind everywhere in the race's wandering. The strong had gone on . . .

Always had her race been land-hungry, and she took delight in believing she had bred true; for had not she, despite her life passed in a city, found this same land-hunger in her? And was she not going forth to satisfy that hunger, just as her people of old time had done, as her father and mother before her?

Saxon and Billy settle on a farm in the Valley of the Moon, an exceptionally scenic gorge on the American River, a few miles south of San Francisco, which was the site of London's own ranch: the place where he himself had returned to the soil. When the novel ends Saxon is heavy with child, symbolizing hope for the future of the race.

But London expresses his uncertainty about that future in the following, as Saxon recalls a lithograph that she had seen when she was a young girl: “It was of a Plains Indian, in paint and feathers, astride his horse and gazing with wondering eye at a railroad train rushing along a fresh-made track. The Indian had passed, she remembered, before the tide of new life that brought the railroad. And were Billy and his kind doomed to pass, she pondered, before this tide of life, amazingly industrious, that was flooding in from Asia and Europe?”

The Mutiny of the Elsinore, which followed The Valley of the Moon by only a year, is a starkly foreboding novel depicting the struggle for survival of the Aryan in the face of the revolt of the world's Untermenschen, led by the Jew. The ship, the Elsinore, named after the tragedy-ridden castle in Shakespeare's Hamlet, is a microcosm of the world. The blond Aryans comprise the heroic officer class of the ship, while the darker breeds and degenerate blonds comprise the crew. The Aryans must withstand a mutinous revolt, led by a Semitic-Mediterranean trio from New York City.

The latter are introduced early in the book as they board the ship. One of them, “Nosey” Murphey, has the following encounter with the Aryan officer, Mr. Pike:

“What’s your name -- you?” Mr. Pike barked at the first of the trio, evidently a hybrid Irish-Jew. Jewish his nose unmistakably was. Equally unmistakable was the Irish of his eyes, and jaw, and upper lip. Bert Rhine, “in whose veins ran God alone knows what Semitic, Babylonish, and Latin strains,” and “who looked the admixture of all that was Mediterranean and Semitic,” is the leader of the trio. The third member, “Kid” Twist, is “a dark-eyed, olive-skinned fellow . . . from southern Italy -- from Naples, or even Sicily.”

The only other Semitic character in the story, and one who will side with the mutiny, is introduced in the following: “One more, sir, a sheeny. I didn’t know his name before, but Mr. Pike got it -- Isaac B. Chantz. I never saw in all my life at sea as many sheenies as are on board the *Elsinore* right now. Sheenies don’t take to the sea, as a rule. We’ve certainly got more than our share of them.”

The story is written through the eyes of the young Aryan officer, Pathurst. He makes the following observation, voicing the theme of the book and London’s own racial concerns:

Every one of us who sits aft in the high place is a blond Aryan. For’ard, leavened with a ten per cent of degenerate blonds, the remaining ninety per cent of the slaves that toil for us are brunettes. They will not perish . . . they will inherit the earth . . .

And I look at the four of us at the table -- Captain West, his daughter, Mr. Pike, and myself -- all fair-skinned, blue-eyed, and perishing, yet mastering and commanding, like our fathers before us, to the end of our type on the earth. Ah, well, ours is a lordly history, and though we may be doomed to pass, in our time we shall have trod on the faces of all peoples, disciplined them to obedience, taught them government, and dwelt in the palaces we have compelled them by the weight of our own right arms to build for us.

Captain West is referred to as “the blond Aryan master, the king, the Samurai,” while the crew is described as being “a nightmare spawn of creatures, assumably human, but malformed, mentally and physically, into the caricatures of men.”

Pathurst relates his racial pride when Mr. Pike fearlessly rescues two of the crew during a severe storm: “I knew augustness and pride as I gazed -- pride that my eyes were blue, like his; that my skin was blond, like his; that my place was aft with him, and with the Samurai, in the high place of government and command. I nearly wept with the chill of pride that was akin to awe and that tingled and bristled along my spinal column and in my brain. As for the rest -- the weaklings and the rejected, and the dark-pigmented things, the half-castes, the mongrel-bloods, and the dregs of long-conquered races -- how could they count? My heels were iron as I gazed on them in their peril and

weakness. Lord! Lord! For ten thousand generations and centuries we had stamped upon their faces and enslaved them to the toil of our will.”

Pathurst again lauds Mr. Pike, much later, with: “How Nietzsche, with his eternal slogan of ‘Be hard! Be hard!’, would have delighted in Mr. Pike!”

Events of the voyage bring Pathurst’s ancestral past to the fore:

It is nothing new. I have been here before. In the lives of all my fathers have I been here. The frost is on my cheek, the salt bites my nostrils, the wind chants in my ears, and it is an old happening. I know, now, that my forebears were Vikings. I was seed of them in their own day. With them I have raided English coasts, dared the Pillar of Hercules, forayed the Mediterranean, and sat in the high place of government over the soft, sun - warm peoples. I am Hengist and Horsa; I am of the ancient heroes even legendary to them.

Bert Rhine and his cohorts, the “ripened product of the New York City inferno,” organize and maintain the mutiny, which achieves a peculiar result. The Aryan officers manage to hold off the dark horde and maintain control of the “high place,” and thus the steering of the ship. And the mutinous crew controls the deck, and thus the motive power.

Near the end of the book, Bert Rhine, the Semitic mongrel and leader of the revolt, sneeringly suggests to Pathurst the possible fate of his beautiful Aryan woman, the daughter of Captain West. Pathurst’s response is the most revealing and most moving passage in the book:

And I knew anger. Not ordinary anger, but cold anger. And I caught a vision of the high place in which we had sat and ruled down the ages in all lands, on all seas. I saw my kind, our women with us, in forlorn hopes and lost endeavors, pent in hill fortresses, rotted in jungle fastnesses, cut down to the last one on the decks of rocking ships. And always, our women with us, had we ruled the beasts. We might die, our women with us; but, living, we had ruled. It was a royal vision I glimpsed. . . . It was the sacred trust of the seed, the bequest of duty handed down from all ancestors.

And I flamed more coldly. It was not red-brute anger. It was intellectual. It was based on concept and history; it was the philosophy of action of the strong and the pride of the strong in their strength. Now at last I knew Nietzsche. I knew the rightness of the books, the relation of high thinking to high conduct, the transmutation of midnight thought into action in the high place on the poop of a coal carrier in the year nineteen thirteen, my woman beside me, my slant-eyed servitors under me, the beasts beneath me and beneath the heel of me. I knew at last the meaning of kingship.

My anger was white and cold. This subterranean rat of a miserable human, crawling through the bowels of the ship to threaten me and mine! A rat in the shelter of a knothole making a noise as beastlike as any rat ever made!

Shortly after this incident, Bert Rhine, the Semitic rat, has a bucket of sulfuric acid tossed in his face. His resultant excruciating torment makes exceptionally delightful reading.

The book ends with the Elsinore nearing port, the rebellious crew eager to reach shore, and Pathurst eager to see them in jail. The Aryan has survived, at least temporarily. Many good members of the race have died in the struggle, however, and there seems an infinite supply of rats and lesser-breeds for future confrontations. Pathurst and Margaret, the daughter of the dead captain, have decided to marry in the face of an uncertain future. London summarizes the pessimistic but heroic outlook in the following thoughts of Pathurst: "Yes, I am a perishing blond, and a man, and I sit in the high place and bend the stupid ones to my will; and I am a lover, loving a royal woman of my own perishing breed, and together we occupy, and shall occupy, the high place of government and command until our kind perishes from the earth."

In 1915, the year before London's death, *The Star Rover* was published. It is an interesting novel, in which London relates the harshness of prison life. It is written through the eyes of the character Darrell Standing, a former professor of agronomy at the University of California who is serving a life sentence for the murder of a fellow professor, committed during a surge of anger over some private matter. To escape the pain and confinement of prison, he has developed the ability, real or imagined, to remove his spirit from his physical body and rove the stars, transcending both time and space.

In one such roving he travels back in time to the period of Christ, as Ragnar Lodbrog, a Teuton captured and made slave by the Roman legions, eventually to become a freeman and a Roman soldier. He travels to Jerusalem to witness the religious madness of the Jews and meets with Pontius Pilate, whom he had known before the latter became the "procurator over the Semitic volcano of Jerusalem." The piece is essentially an attack on Judeo-Christianity, illustrating the foreignness of Levantine thought to the European peoples. Darrell Standing describes his journey in the following:

It was my observation that it was the custom of the country for every man to call every other man a madman. In truth, in my judgement, they were all mad. There was a plague of them. They cast out devils by magic charms, cured diseases by the laying on of hands, drank deadly poisons unharmed, and unharmed played with deadly snakes -- or so they claimed. They ran away to starve in the deserts. They emerged howling new doctrine, gathering crowds about them, forming new sects that split on doctrine and formed more sects.

"By Odin," I told Pilate, "a trifle of our northern frost would cool their wits. ". . . Never were such troublemakers. Everything under the sun was pious or impious to them. They, who were so clever in hair-splitting argument, seemed incapable of grasping the Roman idea of the State. . . . In Jerusalem, that last time I rode in, it was easy to note the increasing excitement of the Jews. They ran about in crowds, chattering and spouting. Some were

proclaiming the end of the world. Others satisfied themselves with the imminent destruction of the Temple. And there were rank revolutionists who announced that Roman rule was over and the new Jewish kingdom to begin.

Ragnar encounters Miriam, a Jewess who “was an aristocrat by nature.” The Teuton develops something of an affection for her, although they spend all of their time arguing their two very different views of life, seemingly mimicing London’s own earlier closeness to the Jewess Anna Strunsky. Miriam asks him where his spirit will go upon death, which sparks a conversation that emphasizes the differences of character and soul between the Teuton and this Jewess who is the embodiment of Judeo-Christian thought:

“As I have said, Valhalla,” I answered. “And my body shall be there, too.” “Eating? -- drinking? -- fighting?” “And loving,” I added. “We must have our women in heaven, else what is heaven for?” “I do not like your heaven,” she said. “It is a mad place, a beast place, a place of frost and storm and fury.” “And your heaven?” I questioned. “Is always unending summer, with the year at the ripe for the fruits and flowers and growing things.”

I shook my head and growled: “I do not like your heaven. It is a sad place, a soft place, a place for weaklings and eunuchs and fat, sobbing shadows of men. “. . . My heaven,” she said, “is the abode of the blessed.” “Valhalla is the abode of the blessed,” I asserted. “For look you, who cares for flowers where flowers always are? In my country, after the iron winter breaks and the sun drives away the long night, the first blossoms twinkling on the melting ice-edge are things of joy, and we look, and look again. “And fire!” I cried on. “Great glorious fire! A fine heaven yours where a man cannot properly esteem a roaring fire under a tight roof with wind and snow a -drive outside. . . .We build roof and fire to go forth from into the frost and storm and to return to from the frost and storm. Man’s life is fashioned for battle with frost and storm.”

Their differences pronounced, the Teuton leaves the Jewess and departs the land of the Jews. Ragnar remarks: “Quickly enough will come the dark, and you depart for your coasts of sun and flowers and I for the roaring table of Valhalla.”

Race was of utmost importance to London. His unshakable views on the subject were expressed ardently even in some of his works of socialist propaganda. A good sampling of London’s racial perspective at the turn of the century may be found in his letters to Cloudesley Johns. Johns, a young post-office employee from southern California, wrote London a fan letter in 1899, praising one of the latter’s magazine articles. The result was a strong friendship that lasted until London’s death. The correspondence between Johns and London frequently dealt heavily with the subject of race. In one letter to Johns, dated December 12, 1899, London wrote:

The black has stopped, just as the monkey has stopped. Never will even the highest anthropoid apes evolve into man; likewise the Negro into a type of man higher than any existing.

In another letter to Johns, dated July 5, 1899, London addressed the proper role that race should hold in relation to altruism, and he touched on the subject of eugenics.

-Where am I to draw the line [on altruism]? At the White. From the family unit, through the tribal drawing, to the race aggregation, you may trace the rise of altruism, very similar for all its various manifestations. The line stops there. If a man would save an animal from pain, another kind of altruism is brought to bear; the same if he saves a nigger, or a red, a yellow, or a brown. But let Mr. White meet another white hemmed in by dangers from the other colors—these Whites will not need to know each other—but they will hear the call of blood and stand back to back. Nor does it matter if one be a genius and the other a poor wretch cursed by congenital defects, an hereditary inefficient—they will none the less hear the call, feel the bond, and answer

. . . . Nursing the inferior whites, segregating the hopelessly vicious and idiotic so that they may not breed, and developing those that are not so, draws its own line. Today the very opposite prevails as regards the lower classes; that is no reason it should always be so . . . . [T]he race with the highest altruism will endure—the highest altruism considered from the standpoint of merciless natural law, which never concedes nor alters.

London's first novel, *A Daughter of the Snows*, published in 1902, was a commercial failure. However, the story, set in the Far North, voiced a powerful racial message, vividly expounding London's own feelings on the subject. In the book he sought to create a woman who would be a worthy mate for his 20th-century man, in the person of Frona Welse, the daughter of a trader in the Yukon. She was intelligent, strong, and courageous, yet beautiful and feminine. She voiced and exemplified London's own racial beliefs, which would be repeated in later works. In the following passage, Frona prides herself on her Teutonic heritage in a heated discussion with the character Vance Corliss, who does not yet share Frona's racial convictions, but whom she eventually will select as her mate on the basis of his biological worth:

"And why should I not be proud of my race? . . . We are a race of doers and fighters, of globe-encirclers and zone-conquerors. We toil and struggle, and stand by the toil and struggle no matter how hopeless it may be. While we are persistent and resistant, we are so made that we fit ourselves to the most diverse conditions. Will the Indian, the Negro, or the Mongol ever conquer the Teuton? Surely not! . . . All that the other races are not, the Anglo-Saxon, or Teuton if you please, is. All that the other races have not, the Teuton has. What race is to rise up and overwhelm us?"

In an exceptionally captivating passage, Frona and Corliss come upon a funeral cortege, the coffin pulled by a sled team of wolf-dogs. The dark, Northern setting is the scene of an awakening of Corliss' dormant racial soul. Responding to Frona's remark that the dead man had been "a zone-conqueror," Corliss said: "These battlers of frost and fighters of hunger! I can understand how the dominant races have come down out of the North to empire. Strong to venture, strong to endure, with infinite faith and infinite patience, is it to be wondered at?" And then he began reciting from one of the Viking sagas:

“We smote with our swords. To me it was a joy like having my bright bride by me on the couch. . . I have marched with my bloody sword, and the raven has followed me. Furiously we fought; the fire passed over the dwellings of men; we slept in the blood of those who kept the gates.”

When she then asked him whether he really felt what he was saying, or simply was repeating what he had memorized, he answered:

“I begin to feel, I think. The North has taught me, is teaching me. The old things come back with new significance. Yet I do not know. It seems a tremendous egotism, a magnificent dream.”

“But you are not a negro or a Mongol, nor are you descended from the negro or Mongol,” Frona replied. And Corliss came back:

“Yes, I am my father’s son, and the line goes back to the sea-kings who never slept under the smoky rafters of a roof or drained the ale-horn by inhabited hearth. There must be a reason for the dead status of the black, a reason for the Teuton spreading over the earth as no other race has ever spread. There must be something in race heredity, else I would not leap at the summons.”

Frona led him further:

“A great race, Vance. Half of the earth its heritage, and all of the sea! And in threescore generations it has achieved it all think of it! threescore generations!—and today it reaches out wider-armed than ever. The smiter and the destroyer among nations! the builder and the law-giver! Oh, Vance, my love is passionate, but God will forgive, for it is good. A great race, greatly conceived; and if to perish, greatly to perish! Don’t you remember:

“Trembles Yggdrasil’s ash yet standing; groans that ancient tree, and the Jotun Loki is loosed. The shadows groan on the ways of Hel, until the fire of Surt has consumed the tree. Hrym steers from the east, the waters rise, the mundane snake is coiled in jotun-rage. The worm beats the water, and the eagle screams; the pale of beak tears carcasses; the ship Naglfar is loosed. Surt from the south comes with flickering flame; shines from his sword the Val-god’s sun.

“The stony hills are dashed together, the giantesses totter; men tread the path of Hel, and heaven is cloven. The sun darkens, earth in ocean sinks, fall from heaven the bright stars, fire’s breath assails the all-nourishing tree, towering fire plays against heaven itself.”

Outlined against the blazing air, her brows and lashes white with frost, the jewel-dust striking and flashing against hair and face, and the south-sun lighting her with a great redness, the man saw her as the genius of the race. The traditions of the blood laid hold of him, and he felt strangely at one with the white-skinned, yellow-haired giants of the younger world. And as he looked upon her the mighty past rose before him, and the caverns of his being resounded with the shock and tumult of forgotten battles. With bellowing of storm-winds and crash of smoking North Sea waves, he saw the sharpbeaked fighting galleys, and the seaflung Northmen, great-muscled, deepchested, sprung from the elements, men of sword and sweep, marauders and scourgers of the warm Southlands! The din of twenty centuries of battle was roaring in his ear . . .

Some of London's deepest racial feelings were about Asia and the Orientals. He believed that Asia was a sleeping giant, which upon awakening would threaten the entire world. Current events strengthened his convictions. Japan was the first Oriental nation to modernize, and she already had achieved a swift victory in the Sino-Japanese War of 1895. Meanwhile, Czarist Russia was pushing in the same direction, making confrontation seem inevitable.

London arrived in Tokyo on January 24, 1904, as a war correspondent employed by Randolph Hearst to cover the anticipated Russo-Japanese War. He was impressed by the ability of the Japanese to utilize Western methods and inventions. However, commenting on the durability of the Japanese infantrymen, he stated: "They may be brave, but so are the South American peccary pigs in their herd charges."

The outcome of the Russo-Japanese War was a landmark. For the first time in modern history a non-White nation had defeated a White nation at war. This troubled London immensely. In a dispatch from the front line in Manchuria dated May 1, 1904, he wrote of his feelings upon witnessing the aftermath of a Japanese victory on the battlefield:

Into the windows of a large Chinese house I saw many Japanese soldiers curiously peering. Reining up my horse at a window, I, too, curiously peered. And the sight I saw was as a blow in the face to me. On my mind it had all the stunning effect of the sharp impact of a man's fist. There was a man, a White man, with blue eyes, looking at me. He was dirty and unkempt. He had been through a fierce battle. But his eyes were bluer than mine and his skin was as White.

And there were other white men in there with him—many White men. I caught myself gasping. A choking sensation was in my throat. These men were my kind. I found myself suddenly and sharply aware that I was an alien amongst these brown men who peered through the window with me. And I felt myself strangely at one with those other men behind the window—felt that my place was there inside with them in their captivity, rather than outside in freedom amongst aliens . . .

In the headquarters at Antung a Japanese in civilian clothes addressed me in English. He did all the talking, and he talked of the victory. He was beaming. Not a hint of the thoughts in my own mind had I breathed to him, and yet he said at parting: "Your people did not think we could beat the White. We have now beaten the White."



It was shortly after this episode that London wrote his aforementioned article “The Yellow Peril.” He warned in the article that the Chinese, under the management of the Japanese, might bring about the destruction of the Western world. He reflected on the foolishness White men had shown in teaching Western technology to Orientals, but he noted that there were some things the Orientals never would learn from Whites:

Back of our own great race adventure, back of our robberies by sea and land, our lusts and violences, and all the evil things we have done, there is a certain integrity, a sternness of conscience, a melancholy responsibility of life, a sympathy and comradeship and warm human feel, which is ours, indubitably ours, and which we cannot teach to the Oriental as we would teach logarithms or the trajectory of projectiles.

This same theme emerged later, when London delivered a stark prophecy in “The Unparalleled Invasion.” The story, published in the July 1910 issue of McClure’s Magazine, is a futuristic tale set in 1976. He foresaw a militant, armed China looking to the West for room to dump its swollen population. The West’s response was to unleash a rain of pathogenic microbes on China from the air. London’s apocalyptic vision of the final showdown between the East and the West ends with passages strikingly similar to those in *The Turner Diaries*:

During the summer and fall of 1976 China was an inferno. There was no eluding the microscopic projectiles that sought out the remotest hiding places. The hundreds of millions of dead remained unburied and millions died daily of starvation. Cannibalism, murder, and madness reigned. And so perished China.

When White Einsatzkommando groups moved in a few months later to mop up:

They found China devastated, a howling wilderness through which wandered bands of wild dogs and desperate bandits who had survived. All survivors were put to death wherever found.

Thus, the final solution to the Yellow peril is achieved through the complete extermination of the Yellow man. The story is remarkable, in both in its prediction of the development of biological warfare and in its endorsement of genocide for eugenic purposes.

In conjunction with his racial ideology, London was a firm supporter of eugenics, foreseeing the potential betterment of the race through its practice. He endorsed not only the sterilization of criminals and morons, but the institution of selective breeding for people in general. In a 1913 letter to an editor of a medical review he wrote:

At the present moment I am operating a stock farm. If one of my registered Jersey heifers gets through a hole in the fence to an ornery scrub-grade bull, I am shocked. I know that the result of said breeding will be bad and not good; will be worse rather than better. This stolid, practical-headed judgment of a stock breeder should apply with equal

force to the breeding of humans. Humans breed in ways quite similar to those of animals; and if humans misbreed, the results are misbreds.

The idea of heredity and breed is evident in virtually all of London's literary works. His most popular novel, *The Call of the Wild*, deals specifically with this subject.

Published in 1903, it became his first best seller and has never been out of print since. The beautiful story of Buck, the modern, domesticated dog discovering the ancient call of the blood of his ancestors, is much more than a simple dog story. It is a strong philosophical statement about the forces and feelings of heredity:

In vague ways he remembered back to the youth of the breed, to the time the wild dogs ranged in packs through the primeval forest and killed their meat as they ran it down. It was no task for him to learn to fight with cut and slash and the quick wolf snap. In this manner had fought forgotten ancestors. They quickened the old life within him, and the old tricks which they had stamped into the heredity of the breed were his tricks. They came to him without effort or discovery, as though they had been his always. And when, on the still cold nights, he pointed his nose at a star and howled long and wolflike, it was his ancestors, dead and dust, pointing nose at star and howling down through the centuries and through him. And his cadences were their cadences, the cadences which voiced their woe and what to them was the meaning of the stillness, and the cold, and the dark.

On April 23, 1907, Jack and his second wife, Charmian, set sail on the *Snark*, a sailing yacht that Jack had designed himself. They intended to sail around the world on an estimated seven-year voyage.

On his journey through the South Seas, wherever he could gather a group of White men, he would lecture to them on the Revolution. At the same time he took part in the "blackbirding" expeditions, which shanghaied black natives as slave laborers for the copra plantations. To the liberals of that day, the White man's treatment of the Micronesian natives was considered repulsive. London, however, was not moved with concern for non-Whites, and in none of his stories based on the cruise of the *Snark* was he even slightly apologetic about his "blackbirding" activity.

The Solomon Islands was the last stop on their journey. It was a dangerous area for White men, as the Londons soon learned; headhunting was still prevalent in the region. A native who possessed 15 heads to adorn the walls of his hut was believed to have acquired the strength of 15 men. And the head of a White man was especially coveted.

At Penduffryn, on Guadalcanal, the Londons joined the crew of the *Minota* on a hunting trip for slave labor for the plantations. The *Minota* ran aground, and they soon found themselves surrounded by a horde of natives in canoes. The boat's crew held them at bay with rifles. Meanwhile, hundreds of natives on shore swarmed down from the hills, armed with clubs, spears, bows and arrows, and rifles.

Jack paddled off in a canoe with a message for the captain of the *Eugenie*, anchored five miles away, but out of sight around a bend in the coastline. A few hours later the captain of the *Eugenie* sailed up beside the *Minota* with a fully armed crew. London described it as “the inevitable white man, coming to the white man’s rescue.”

*South Sea Tales*, published in 1911, is a collection of short stories based on the cruise of the *Snark*. From one of these stories, entitled “The Inevitable White Man,” is the following description of an attack on a White ship by blacks, and the defense of the vessel by a marksman named Saxtorph:

“The astounding thing was the rapidity of his fire. Also, he never made a miss. If ever anything was inevitable, that man was. It was the swiftness of it that made the slaughter so appalling. The niggers did not have time to think. When they did manage to think, they went over the side in a rush, capsizing the canoes, of course. Saxtorph never let up. The water was covered with them, and plump, plump, plump, he dropped his bullets into them. Not a single miss, and I could hear distinctly the thud of every bullet as it buried in human flesh . . .

“The niggers spread out and headed for the shore, swimming. The water was carpeted with bobbing heads, and I stood up, as in a dream, and watched it all—the bobbing heads and the heads that ceased to bob. Some of the long shots were magnificent. Only one man reached the beach, but as he stood up to wade ashore, Saxtorph got him. It was beautiful. And when a couple of niggers ran down to drag him out of the water, Saxtorph got them, too.

“ . . . It reminded me of trapshooting. A black body would pop out of the companion[way], bang, would go Saxtorph’s rifle, and down would go the black body.

“ . . . Our decks were a spectacle. Dead and dying niggers were everywhere. . . . I put Saxtorph and his graveyard gang to work heaving them overside, and over they went, the living and the dead. The sharks had fat pickings that day.”

Two dog books based on London’s South Pacific experience would be published posthumously in 1917. *Jerry of the Islands* and *Michael—Brother of Jerry* were based on a “nigger-chasing, adorable Irish terrier puppy” that the Londons had encountered aboard the *Minota*. The stories are written through the eyes of the dogs, Jerry and Michael, just as with Buck in *The Call of the Wild*. But this time the heroes of the books, Jerry and Michael, are thoroughbreds, unlike the mongrel Buck. The following are excerpts from *Jerry of the Islands*:

Jerry had been born to hate niggers. His first experiences in the world, as a puling puppy, had taught him that Biddy, his mother, and his father Terrence, hated niggers. A nigger was something to be snarled at. A nigger, unless he were a house-boy, was something to be attacked and bitten and torn if he invaded the compound. Biddy did it. Terrence did it.

It was not that Jerry was unkindly. Like Biddy and Terrence, he was fierce and unafraid; which attributes were wrapped up in his heredity. And, like Biddy and Terrence, he delighted in nigger-chasing. . . . Niggers were niggers, but white men were gods.

London summed up his observations of the area in the following piece from “The Terrible Solomons,” contained in *South Sea Tales*:

A man needs only to be careful and lucky—to live a long time in the Solomons; but he must also be of the right sort. He must have the hallmark of the inevitable White man stamped upon his soul. He must be inevitable. He must have a certain colossal self-satisfaction, and a racial egotism that convinces him that one White is better than a thousand niggers every day in the week, and that on Sunday he is able to clean out two thousand niggers. For such are the things that have made the White man inevitable.

Jack London was a fervent and active member of the American socialist movement for many years. He, however, possessed a radically different interpretation of socialist doctrine from that of the mainstream of the movement. Frederick Palmer, who served with him as a war correspondent during the Russo-Japanese War, described him in his autobiography, *With My Own Eyes*, as:

. . . the most inherently individualistic and un-Socialistic of all the Socialists I have ever met. . . . [H]e preferred to walk alone in aristocratic aloofness, and always in the direction he chose no matter where anybody else was going. He had his own separate mess and tent: general and private of his army of one, he rode in front of his two pack-donkeys, which jingled with bells, the leader bearing an American flag.

For London, socialist internationalism extended only to the brotherhood of the White man. On his return from the Russo-Japanese War he delivered a tirade against the Orientals in an address to the Oakland chapter of the Socialist Party. One of the auditors, Edmundo Peluso, recalled the event: “With evident pleasure, he described the wiliness of these ‘human burnt candles,’ as he called the officers of the Japanese General Staff, and used stronger expressions with regard to them. But his gorge rose not only at the Japanese General Staff; he cursed the entire yellow race in the most outrageous terms. Some of the comrades present were somewhat embarrassed.”

The struggle against race prejudice, especially against hatred of the “yellow” races, was part of the daily work of the socialist branches on the Pacific Coast and it was hard to conceive of Jack London, one of the foremost members of the branch, evincing race chauvinism.

Convinced that there was some misunderstanding, one of the comrades began talking to him about classes that exist in Japan as everywhere else. Another called his attention to the slogan decorating the wall over the portrait of Marx: “Workers of all countries, unite!” But this did not touch him in the least and only served to increase his passion. Pounding his fist on the table, Jack met their arguments with, “What the devil! I am first of all a White man and only then a Socialist!”

His socialist friend, Cloudesley Johns, criticized London for his combination of racialism and socialism. London refuted Johns’ criticism with the following letter, dated June 23, 1899, in which he very succinctly defines his interpretation of socialism:

Socialism is not an ideal system, devised by man for the happiness of a life; nor for the happiness of all men; but it is devised for the happiness of certain kindred races. It is devised so as to give more strength to those certain kindred favored races so that they may survive and inherit the earth to the extinction of the lesser weaker races. The very men who advocate socialism may tell you of the brotherhood of all men, and I know they are sincere, but that does not alter the law.

Johns continued to argue the matter, which brought another frank response from London in a letter dated December 12, 1899: "I do not believe in the universal brotherhood of man. I think I have said so before. I believe my race is the salt of the earth. I am a scientific socialist, not a utopian . . ."

Despite London's maverick views and continual embarrassment of the socialist movement, his fellow socialists could not resist the temptation to capitalize on his immense popularity as a novelist. And he wrote vast quantities of socialist propaganda for them. But here, as elsewhere, his outspoken views on race and eugenics are blatantly evident. The following is from his article entitled "What Communities Lose by the Competitive System," published in the November 1900 issue of *Cosmopolitan*:

The stronger, the braver, the more indomitable, are selected to go to the wars, and to die early, without offspring. The weaker are sent to the plow and permitted to perpetuate their kind. As Doctor Jordan has remarked, the best are sent forth, the second-best remain. But it does not stop at this. The best of the second-best are next sent, and the third-best is left. The French peasant of to-day demonstrates what manner of man is left to the soil after one hundred years or so of military selection. Where are the soldiers of Greece, Sparta, and Rome? They lie on countless fields of battle, and with them their descendants which were not. The degenerate peoples of those countries are the descendants of those who remained to the soil.

London expressed his concern about human intervention interfering with natural selection on the human species in the article "Wanted: A New Law of Development," published in the August 1902 issue of *The International Socialist Review*. He foresaw a time when the progeny of men of lower and higher quality would possess an equal opportunity for survival, which would allow for the devolution of man. He expressed the hope that under socialist rule a premium would be placed upon the strong and efficient so that man might continue on the upward path. And in other works, such as "The Tramp" (published in *The Advance*, San Francisco, January 25, 1902) he attempted to distinguish between the hereditary inefficients and the worthy yeomanry that together comprised the working class.

*The Iron Heel*, published in 1907, was London's most important and most militant socialist literary work. The novel has been labeled as both a "blueprint for Fascism" and a forerunner of George Orwell's *Nineteen Eighty-Four*. London took his theme from W. J. Ghent's *Our Benevolent Feudalism*, which described the integration of capital into a dictatorship. The book purports to be derived from a manuscript discovered in a hollow oak tree, seven centuries in the future. It is written by Avis, the wife of Ernest Everhard, the leader of the socialist revolution in America, and covers the struggle from 1912 to 1932. "The Iron Heel" is the term London applies to the oligarchy of American capitalists who seized power early in the 20th century, when a socialist victory at the polls seemed a real threat to them.

Even in this most important work of socialist propaganda, London's unconventional socialist views show. In the first few pages of the book, Ernest Everhard, the socialist hero, is given the following introduction to the reader: "I have said that he was afraid of nothing. He was a natural aristocrat -- and this in spite of the fact that he was in the camp of the non-aristocrats. He was a superman, a blond beast such as Nietzsche has described . . ."

With growing unrest occurring in the socialist camp, the oligarchy begins to crack down. Vigilante groups destroy the socialist presses and disrupt radical meetings. Strikes are suppressed by the police and the military, with thousands herded into concentration camps. The population is gradually enslaved, with no protest from the press, the churches, or the universities.

Meanwhile, the socialists and trade-unionists naively maintain their faith in the electoral process, despite Everhard's warnings that they must be prepared for revolutionary action. The labor movement, weak from inner divisions, is crushed, its leaders jailed and secretly executed. The Iron Heel stamps out all opposition with the aid of the Mercenaries, a professional military corps. Everhard then leads the socialists in a campaign of terrorism.

The socialist revolution is drowned in blood, Everhard is executed, and the Oligarchs rule for 300 years, until their own internal decay and a new uprising by the proles brings about the final triumph of socialism in the 22nd century AD.

The Iron Heel was never a success in the United States. The book was denounced by the American socialist movement, which claimed that its harsh and bloody scenes would discourage the proletariat. The International Socialist Review stated that the book was “well calculated . . . to repel many whose addition to our forces is sorely needed.”

The Iron Heel was followed in 1909 with another major socialist novel, *Martin Eden*. Written as an indictment of extreme individualism, it too drew fire from the socialist camp for its unflattering portrayal of the socialists. The novel's protagonist is, ironically, the extreme individualist Martin Eden, a disciple of Nietzsche and Spencer who rejects socialism -- and whom London created in his own image. For, more than any of his other novels, *Martin Eden* is autobiographical -- and more than any other, its hero manifests the divisions in London's own soul.

The following excerpt from *Martin Eden*, a description of the hero's reaction to a Jewish socialist speaker, seems to say much about London's own conflicting feelings toward the Jews. Remember, it was written at a time when his intellectual estimate of them still was changing, from that of a race of idealistic benefactors of mankind, whose socialism was purely altruistic, to that of Aryan man's natural enemy, who merely used socialism as a means of organizing the Untermenschen against their natural superiors. It was the latter estimate, of course, which coincided with the gut reaction he always had felt toward them:

The speaker, a clever Jew, won Martin's admiration at the same time that he aroused his antagonism. The man's stooped and narrow shoulders and weakened chest proclaimed him the true child of the crowded ghetto, and strong on Martin was the age-long struggle of the feeble, wretched slaves against the lordly handful of men who had ruled over them and would rule over them to the end of time. To Martin this withered wisp of a creature was a symbol. He was the figure that stood forth representative of the whole miserable mass of weaklings and inefficients who perished according to biological law on the rugged confines of life. They were the unfit. In spite of their cunning philosophy and of their antlike proclivities for cooperation, Nature rejected them for the exceptional man. Out of the plentiful spawn of life she flung from her prolific hand she selected only the best.

#### Model of Wolf House

Perhaps one of the most disturbing items for London's socialist friends was his plan for the construction of “Wolf House,” an impressive, castle-like residence, which brought protests that he was setting himself up as a feudal baron. Indeed, he intended that the house, which was being built in a redwood grove on his 1500-acre ranch overlooking the Valley of the Moon, would house a London dynasty.

London had returned to the soil, just as his characters in *The Valley of the Moon*, leaving the outside world and creating his own. He envisioned a utopian revolutionary community arising on his ranch. He hoped that it would become self-sufficient and would sustain his colony of relatives, guests, and workers. The community was to have its own school; and a non-profit general store, slaughterhouse, and refrigeration plant.

Wolf House was built on a huge, floating slab large enough to support a 40-story building, as an anti-earthquake precaution. Redwood logs, maroon volcanic rocks, blue slate, boulders, and cement were chosen as primary building materials. Large redwood logs with their bark intact formed the carriage entrance, the pergolas, and the porches. The logs in the gables and balconies were interlaced with fruit twigs, providing a natural, earthy effect.

## The ruins of Wolf House

By August 1913 the magnificent structure was completed. On the night of August 22, a few weeks before the Londons were to move in, Wolf House burned to the ground. All that remained was the outer stone shell. The cause of the fire has never been conclusively determined. Jack believed that it was set by some hysterical socialist who did not wish to see the plans for Wolf House realized.

By this time London was growing frustrated, especially with the socialist movement. He had abruptly ceased vigorous socialist activism after 1909 to devote his time to the development of his ranch. He had turned to agrarianism for his spiritual replenishment, and he was traveling the road further with Nietzsche and with the ideology of race. In notes for a book he scribbled, "My religion -- not deep and learned and philosophical -- but going Nietzsche-like to the root of things."

On March 7, 1916, London tendered his resignation from the Socialist Party, realizing that there was no longer a place for him in the movement. In the closing of his letter of resignation he wrote:

My final word is that liberty, freedom, and independence are royal things that cannot be presented to, or thrust upon, races or classes. If races and classes cannot rise up and by their own strength of brain and brawn wrest from the world liberty, freedom, and independence, they never, in time, can come to these royal possessions -- and if such royal things are kindly presented to them by superior individuals, on silver platters, they will know not what to do with them, will fail to make use of them, and will be what they have always been in the past -- inferior races and inferior classes.

Despite his troubles with the American socialist movement, London has enjoyed immense popularity in the Soviet Union. With the outbreak of revolution in Russia in early 1905, he became a propagandist for the struggle, signing a proclamation calling on American socialists to support the revolution and lecturing in various California cities on the subject. The Soviet government in turn has translated his books into 32 languages and printed more than 30 million copies of them. A complete set of his works, consisting of 24 volumes, was published in the U.S.S.R. between 1928 and 1929. In 1956 an eight-volume edition of his works, with a printing of 600,000 copies, was reported to be completely subscribed to within five hours of the announcement of publication.

It would be easier to understand the Soviet government's enthusiasm for London if none of his books had ever been published in the Soviet Union. As his colleague Frederick Palmer noted, he was the most unsocialistic of socialists -- if one thinks of socialism in the Marxist sense -- and this fact was nowhere more apparent than in his books.

Even *The Iron Heel*, the most militantly "socialistic" of his books, does no more than pay a cursory lip service to Marxism, by enunciating Marx's theory of surplus value. In the book there is both a grudging admiration for the Oligarchs of the Iron Heel and a hardly concealed revulsion for the mindless and ignoble proletarian masses. The book is anti-capitalist and pro-revolutionary, but not egalitarian and certainly not Marxist, except as noted.

What is easy to understand is London's hatred of the capitalist system and what it has done to the spirit of our race. If nothing else, his own experiences as a child of the oppressed proletariat, working 12 hours a day as a teenager for a wage of ten cents an hour, led him to support the socialist movement. But it never made a true Marxist of him.

Jack London's socialism, in fact, was National Socialism, although it was not known by that name during his lifetime. Had he lived another 20 years he himself would have proclaimed the fact to the world, and had he still been writing he would have been a far more fervent propagandist for Hitler's National Socialist revolution in Germany than he had been earlier for Lenin's communist revolution in Russia. The tragedy of his life is that he was a

revolutionary idealist born a generation too soon, and so blundered into the wrong revolution: a revolution in which he was never spiritually at home.

By 1916 Jack was in worsening health, his condition having steadily declined during the last two years. He suffered from failing kidneys, and the resultant uremia sent him into long bouts of pain and disability. He was a changed man. He had become old and tired at the age of 40 from an accumulation of injuries and physical self-neglect during an incredibly fast-paced and adventurous life.

On the morning of November 22, 1916, Jack was found in his bed in a coma. After repeated attempts to revive him had failed, he died that evening. It has never been conclusively determined whether his death came from the accumulation of poisons from his inoperative kidneys or from an overdose of morphine taken to relieve the pain -- or to deliberately end his life.

#### Jack London's grave

The funeral and burial were conducted as Jack had requested -- simple and with no prayers. His ashes were buried on a knoll above his ranch house, amidst a grove of white oaks and manzanita. A giant volcanic boulder from the building of Wolf House was then rolled over the grave. No inscription marks the site; his life and work would speak for themselves.

Charmian, Jack's wife, would quote him as saying, "Mate-Woman, I tell you I am standing on the edge of a world so new, so terrible, so wonderful, that I am almost afraid to look over into it." The world that Jack London envisioned differed markedly from that of his socialist contemporaries. Years after Jack's death, an old socialist mentor would remark that, from 1899 on, Jack "stood with one foot in social democracy and the other in the philosophical teachings from which have sprung Fascism."

Jack London was a remarkable man. With keen perception he attempted to determine what was right and true in charting his own course, and he was honest enough to alter that course when the evidence warranted it. His combative and adventurous spirit, genuine concern for the well-being of his people, and instinctive striving for truth set him far above the common run of men. The Aryan spirit so perfectly conveyed through the racialist and Nietzschean themes of much of his writings and manifested in his personal life should serve as a strong source of inspiration for every intelligent, racially-conscious member of the White Race.

Jack London's personal credo provides a fitting finale for the story of his life and work:

I would rather be ashes than dust! I would rather that my spark should burn out in a brilliant blaze than it should be stifled by dry rot. I would rather be a superb meteor, every atom of me in magnificent glow, than a sleepy and permanent planet. The proper function of man is to live, not to exist. I shall not waste my days in trying to prolong them. I shall use my time.